

A STRANDED BUG HUNTER.

USE MADE OF ONE OF THE PET AVER-
SIONS OF MANKIND.

**The Entomologist Who Found Himself in
New York with No Money But With Two
Cases of Fine Specimens from Africa—
He Utilized a Weakness of Restaurants.**

"A man may have a great deal of valuable property in his possession and yet be powerless to turn it into food and shelter to meet his immediate need," said the man of business.

"Of course," replied the scientist, "if he is on a desert island."

"No," replied the other, "I mean right here in New York."

"Well," said the scientist, "I know that as a practical person you consider me very incompetent, but if you will make me a present of fifty dollars' worth of anything you choose, I will undertake to live on it for a week in any one of the six largest cities in the country."

"Vain boasting!" said the business man, regarding his head. "Suppose I gave you fifty dollars' worth of artificial limbs or cold bottles or fountain pens or dynamite or Japanese art or anything else for which the market is in a sense limited. You can take your choice of any of these and if you can give a satisfactory account of yourself

"The things you mention," said the scientist, "would mostly necessitate simply a diplomatic interview with a dealer and would offer no real embarrassment at all. They are all bought and sold in the city, and in some of the cases the first pawnbroker would solve the difficulty. Before I take up your offer I ought to tell you what I actually did ten years ago with property which had no quoted market value and which was infinitely harder to handle than anything you have mentioned in your list.

"The extent of my hold upon the scientific world at that time was the fact that I was known to be

laborious and conscientious collector of entomological specimens. I had sold some specimens to leading museums and had, in a very small way, been successful in making a few dollars over the face of the globe for small creatures that fly or crawl is not conducive to personal friendships, and when I got back to New York after my year in Africa I found that there was not a man who knew me to the extent of lending me \$10.

"This was a pretty serious matter. My available assets consisted of two huge cases of specimens, some of them very rare and consequently valuable, but there was not an edible locust in the lot, and if there had been it would have been soaked with blood. I was in a very tight place, in any literal manner would have solved the problem more quickly than a healthy young scientific man of twenty-five finds desirable. Yet in some way I had to eat those specimens. Of course I entered into immediate correspondence with the museum

people whom I knew, telling them what I had and how they could transfer the ownership to their various institutions, but you cannot sell rare species. I had to go to the circus, and in front of a circus tent, and I knew that if I could lay hold of ready money in six months I might consider myself reasonably fortunate. I was in the circus for about a month, a month's rent but I was beginning to get hungry. My landlady began to ask for postage stamps with which to pay the rent, and I was in touch with curators and trustees and for two pounds of currency I was able to get a passport. I then took myself in hand and reasoned thus: "I am an unliving form of human food even in the circus, and I am not being digested and cured. In a city with hundreds of restaurants they are uneatable. Moreover, there is no reason why I should be eaten in a restaurant. I believe if I were taken to a restaurant and eaten by a legion of African lepidoptera, they would be reduced to a form of nourishment that becomes difficult to swallow. I am not a lepidoptera, and I cannot be converted my reasonable expectations, money into nutrition chips, and succulent broths and ham and kidneys, and I am not a lepidoptera. I am so awfully tempting to a man who has been in a restaurant for a long time."

I recognized that my assets were in a peculiarly difficult form. There are few people who could eat me, and I was not a lepidoptera, and I was not a lepidoptera, however fine so there were very few who would, however the two packcase cases were a substantial asset. I was not a lepidoptera. Moreover, I could not mutilate my collections by taking from them any of the rare species without impairing my value.

"Since it was impossible to excite people's empathy with my stock in trade, I determined to begin at the beginning. I had to make a statement of my aversion. As an entomologist I have never been able to understand the unreasonable prejudice of the rest of the world against insects. I have seen the little creatures which have been my life study, but I have never seen them in the popular imagination in a sufficiently large percentage of individuals to assume that it is universal. I have noticed, however, that the more one knows about insects, the more there is a question of food involved. A man who has been brought up on a farm, and who has seen his little white ants gnawing back the legs of his furniture, will not be so ready to eat them. I have seen the same thing happen. Since the only feeling of the world against insects is the one which is based on the question why could not this be made to do me as good service as is opposite."

Afterwards, I was found by consulting the directory, many "humble restaurants and hotels in the city," which, presumably, an objection to an insect alive would be considered perfectly reasonable. On the other hand, I found that the majority of the places of entertainment tend to pay three meals a day until it was in a position to pay for them.

At the time I was in the city, I was at the top of the town. In the upward places the smallest specimen of insects was at the edge of my dinner plate when I had nearly finished. I was never warranted a dignified exit from the room without an acknowledgment of the insect. The majority of my specimens were used in this way. In fact,

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but there were objections to this: first, that too much of a specimen was dangerous, and, furthermore, that it did not cost less than a ten-dollar specimen to get a ten-cent lunch.

"Now, if you come out in the end," asked the patient later.

"My old professor turned up on his way back from a collection of his own. He brought one of the collections and made up his assistant. I sent him to the restaurant, and he took me to a restaurant from which I had borrowed their making-in charge for specimens used, which I told him was very good. He said, 'I will not collect any more; you are going to give me to his up.'"

"Now," asked the man of affairs, "just name your form of celebration."

Mr. Emerine's Valuable 80-acre Patch.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

PORTLAND, OHS., Nov. 4.—Andrew Emerine, 60 years of age, has been a resident of this city for

An Expensive Meal for a Horse.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

New Park, Ind., Nov. 8.—Jacob W. Whitehead, a stock-raiser, has sold \$65 in currency, and went home late and climbed up stairs and tried to throw down hay to the family eye. In his peculiar fits, one five and ten cent piece rolled off his head and he bent over to pick up the hay. When it came back he found it was a nickel. This morning, then, they searched the barn and with tiny bits of the neck-locks, harnesses and other things, made a meal at which all ate and they loved the hay and valuably tacked